

The Hubbardick

B R E W E R

O R A

Proposers Union

B E T W E E N

M A L T and M E T E R

A

S A T Y R



A N T H O R

O F T H E

Republican Procession;

O R T H E

Tumultuous Cavalcade.

London: Printed for John Chapman near
Stationers-Hall, 1714.
(Printed & Sold)

The Hubbardick

BREWERY

O. R. A.

Proprietors Union

BETWEEN

MALT and METER

A

STATYR



ANTHOR

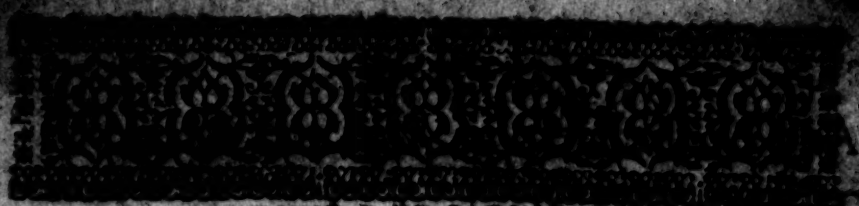
OF THE

Republican Procession

O. R. A.

Tumultuous Cavalcade.

London: Printed for John Chapman near
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To brew and glingie at a time;

The Haddie

B R E W E R

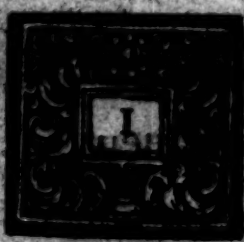
Since merry Cobblers, or their Leather,
Like him, of work and fine together

Preposterous Union

The Timber and the Mill of Mettle

MALT and METER,

And every Vulcan at his File



Sing, the Bard, whose merry
Spirits

Why therefore, tho' his former
Their Spirit draw from Hope
and Grains;

Since all Men know that Mankind
Apollo's first degen'rate Son,

That e'er left Babel and his Tun,
To make dull, heavy All agree

And therefore should

With more aspiring Poetry,

Besides

A 2

And

141
And by the Help of *Mal* and *Merr*
To brew and gingle at a time ;
Tho' if consider'd as it should be
By all who *Poets* are, or would be
'Tis not so great a Wonder neither,
Since merry *Cobblers*, o'er their Leather,
Like him, oft work and sing together

The *Tinker* too, that Man of Mettle,
Tunes *Ballads* to the Sound of Kettle
And ev'ry *Vulcan* at his File

Is Song-exalts his Voice the while
Why therefore, tho' 'tis somewhat new
Mayn't W...d both poetize and brew

Since all Men know that *Mal* and *Merr*
Begin with one and the same Letter,
And therefore should agree the better

Besides

Besides, the *Bard* that will be nibbling
 At the Art of *Brewing* well as *Scribbling*,
 May from that wicked Weed call'd *Hops*
 Draw bitter *Sotys* for the *Shops*
 Of *Pamphleteers*, whose only Art is
 To teaze, and gull contending Parties,
 And scan the Worth of what is writ,
 By Line and Page instead of Wit;
 As *Widdows* judge their *Spinners* Pains,
 By Number of their *Lays* and *Scams*.

'Tis true, the *Muses* have sometimes
 In *Sev'ral* depth, as well as *Rhymes*,
 And condescended in their *Freaks*
 To verify o'er *Fires* and *Brids*,
 As 'tis well known to *Prophet Dan*,
 And others of the *Rhyming* *Clan*.

Of Doves from All-ways Door to Door;

But never had till now the Maggot
 To stoop so low as *Tub* and *Spiggon*,
 As if the *Nine*, so fam'd of *Old*
 In musty *Tales* by Poets told,
 Their *Heliconian* Streams had slighted,
 And in good nappy *Ale* delighted,
 Esteeming Cellars better Fountains,
 Than any in *Parnassus* Mountains
 So careful Wives, whose common Cheat
 Hath been *Tea*, *Coffee*, and *Small-beer*,
 When once refresh'd with Juice that's richer,
 Than *Cossips*, and adore the *Pitcher*
 Nay, therefore, let no *Whig* pick Quarrels
 With *Ned*, about his *Tub* and *Barnel*,
 Or think his *Pegasus* must halt,
 Because so grossly fed with *Malt*,
 Like *Bremar's* Horse that drags a *Sledge*
 Of *Beer* from *Ale-house* Door to Door ;

But

But

But let them first look back upon
 Saint *Cromwell*, who usurp'd the Throne,
 And they may find, his Rise was owing,
 Before his Fighting, to his Brewing,
 From whence, as many do suppose,
 He first deriv'd his *Copper-Nose*,
 Inflam'd by tippling old *October*
 With *Satan's* Party call'd *the Sober*,
 Who, when they'd drank his *Cellars* dry,
 And made him to the *Army* fly,
 The Preaching proud *Fanatick Scrubs*
 Made *Pulpits* of his empty *Tubs*,
 That thro' the *Bung-holes* they might shew
 Their *Parts* to the attentive *Crew*
 Of pious *Dames*, those sighing *Saints*
 Best won by *Standing-Arguments*.

Nor

Nor did the *Guldes*, that pretack'd at
Random,
 Forget their *Friend* who had sustain'd 'em,
 But labour'd hard, when they had broke
 him,
 To set him up again, *Pox choak him*,
 Who swallow'd, like an *impious Sot*,
 Three Kingdoms at one *bloody Draught*;
 And yet like other *Saints*, some say,
 Would o'er his *Cups* both *preach* and *pray*,
 And was the *first* that taught the Nation
 To *swear*, *for swear* upon *Occasion*,
Swear and *recant*, *make*, *take*, and *break*,
 All sorts of *Oaths* for *Heaven's Sake*;
 A *Freedom* *modern Saints* are proud of,
 And hope 'twill always be allow'd of;
 Because such *Liberty* agrees
 The best with *Tender Consciences*;

For should a Zealot be confin'd
 To take an Oath against his Mind,
 The Principles of Revolution,
 If Int'rest does but make the Motion,
 Will without Scruple frankly give him
 An Absolution to relieve him.
 Therefore the Tories must agree
 No People but the Whigs are free;
 And they are really so, because
 They're bound by neither Oaths nor Laws.

Nor did Old Noll alone advance
 These good Examples for the Saints,
 But made in that domestick Strife
 As many Shifts and Turns of Life,
 And gave the World as much Surprise,
 As Ovid's *Metamorphosis*,

Changing his Copper or his Kettle
 To a Dubblet made of tougher Mettle,
 His Mash-staff to a trusty Sword
 To fight the Battles of the Lord,
 His broad-brim'd Hat to Cap of Iron
 That did his plotting Head in viron,
 His Firkins, Kildensins and Bannels
 To Drums that beat up Civil Quarrels,
 His Horses, Droy-men, and his Coopers
 Into rebellious plund'ring Troopers,
 And into Waggon's turn'd each Dray
 To bear sequester'd Goods away;
 Changing himself, who had been wrapp'd in
 His Mother's Smock, into a Captain;
 From thence by gradual Steps proceeded,
 Till he the Kingdom's Head beheaded,

And

And after fifty Changes more
 Became, in spite of *Kingly Pow'r*,
 What *Brewer* never was before.

Therefore since some from *brewing Tubs*
 Of *Alt* have ris'n to *Purple Robes*,
 And climb'd aloft, as 'tis well known,
 From *smoaky Stoke-hole* to a *Throne*;
 Why should a *Poet*, if he *brews*,
 Become a *Scandal* to his *Muse*?
 And e'ery *Blackhead* think his *Brains*
 Run only upon *Hops* and *Grains*?
 When *Brewers* have from *Tons* and *Coolers*
 Arose to be our *Sov'reign Rulers*,
 And still to their *immortal Praise*
 Build *Coaches* daily out of *Drays*;
 Nay, often sit with *Approbation*
 Among the *Wisdom* of the *Nation*,

And look as *big*, and talk as *fair*,
 As any *Whig* or *Tory* there;
 When *Poets*, who can make *fine Speeches*,
 Are jostl'd out as *worthless Wretches*,
 As if 'twas wisely thought unfitting
 That *Men of Wit*, who live by *Writing*,
 Should in that *House* take up *their Sitting*.

One, who of late aspir'd as high
 As borrow'd *Wings* could hope to fly,
 And had procur'd a *Seat* among
 The awful *Legislative Throng*,
 Was forc'd, alas! to quit his *Place*,
 And turn *Head-Hostler* to his *Grace*,
 For only threat'ning in his *Letters*,
 Those dang'rous Persons call'd our *Betters*;
 Asserting, when himself was chose
 A *Member* of the *Commons House*,
 That

That e'ery Man, tho' ne'er so big,
 Should now account to Captain Whig;
 Which made the Tories laugh to see
 The Tool's Hibernian Modesty;
 Yet when he found himself discarded,
 And all his Insolence rewarded,
 He then could change his Tone to please
 The Whigs, and make it out with Ease,
 That Members by the Country sent
 To fit and serve in Parliament,
 Were but the Peoples bare Attornies
 Sent on their Errands and their Journeys,
 And must, as he vouchsafes to use 'em,
 Be accountable to those that choose 'em,
 From whence 'tis fairly to be noted,
 That when the Tories are out-voted,
 And Faction by her Brib'ry fills
 The House with Hambdens, Pym's and St-John's

The *Parliament* must be supreme,
And even *Kings* account to them.

But, when the *Tories* have engros'd
The Pow'r, and justly rule the Roast,
They must not baffle the *Intrigues*
Of *factions* *Schismatics* and *Whigs*,
Or heal our *Wounds* with wholesome *Plasters*,
But the vile *Crowd* must be their *Masters*,
And *Senates* dread the Nation's *Scum*,
Hibernian Dick, and *Captain Tom*.

Thus *Whigs* in Pow'r can never err,
More wicked than *Lucifer*,
Nor *Tories* by the *Whigs* be thought more
Good *Patriots*, tho' without a *Fault*;
Since those that hate the *Church* and *Throne*
Approve no Works, except their *Own*.

But

But, Critick like, their *Venoh* shew,
 And *damn* in *Spight* what others do.
 Than he that climbs, and is from thence

Thus long have I digress'd to tell
 How one poor *Wit* from *Glory* fell,
 Whose formidable *Pen* of late
 Was thought such *Arms* against the *State*,
 That nothing could have brought about
 The Down-fall of a *Minister* so stout,
 But that *sly Trick* of *Spevling* was.

Therefore, I think, since *Poets* may not
 And *Brewers* do remain in *Senate*,
Ned's in the right on't more for *Brewing*,
 Than *Dick* for *Scribbling* to his *Ruin*;
 For tho' one never hopes to thrive
 Into a *Representative*,
 A *Lawyer* of the *Church* and *Queen*;

Yet he's more blest'd whole *Fortune* falls;
 Below *St. Stephen's Chappel Walls*,
 Than he that climbs, and is from thence
 Spew'd out for want of *Brace or Sense*!

His *Cassock* Friend had Wit to play
 His Cards a much securer Way,
 He wisely kept within his Tedder,
 And follow'd his successful Leader;
 And danc'd Day and Night with Pen and
 Paper,

The cunning *Statesman's* Under-Strapper,
 And knew as well as any Man,

Which Side his Bread was butter'd on;

Thus whilst one *Irish* Author lost

His Credit, Interest, and his Post

In *England*, where he might have been

A Fav'rite of the Church and *QUEEN*;

The

The other wisely got, what set, and then
 A good fat *Irish* Deanery, and then
 And in that *Isle* began his *Rise*, and then
 Whilst t'other idly *sunk* in this, and then
 Thus *Party-Wits* are tof's'd about,
 Just as their *Friends* are in or out,
 One for a time has all the *Kogue*,
 Next *Change* his *Writings* prove a *Drug*,
 So *St - - l*, when *Whigs* shall re-obtain
 The *Rule*, shall be a *Whigging*,
 And *So - - l*, when the *Whigs* shall be

Therefore since *Taste* are thus
 And *Folly* frightful and persistent
 Who then can blame a *Man* for driving
 Two *Parties* on, in hopes of *Thriving*?
 The *Whigs* might be the *Whigs*,
 The *Whigs* might be the *Whigs*,
 The *Whigs* might be the *Whigs*,

That if one broke when over-strain'd,
Another might be near at hand.

But, cries the *Crick*, tho' the *Strings*
Are two, they're not two diff'rent Things;
The Use of both, if both are wanted,
Are still the same, it must be granted;
But *Brewing* join'd with *Poetizing*,
Now, 'tis *Preposterous* and *Surprising*;
A *Chimney-Sweep* may as well
In *Sarsnet-Hoods* and *Ribbons* deal,
Or *Sav'ry Tom*, to mend or prop
His Fortune, keep a *Custard-Shop*.

But let the carping World object
Whate'er they please, in *Disrespect*
To *Ned*, and make themselves a *Jury*
Between the *Mosses* and the *Brewery*;

Yet

Yet have I often seen, I vow,
 As odd *Companions* join e'er now;
Passive-Obedience have I known
 Shake Hands with *Toleration*,
 And *High-Church Loyalists*, like *Fools*,
 Embrace *regalating Principles*.
 Nay, I have seen an *Oliverian*
 Hug *Lown*, and *Lown* a *Presbyterian*,
 And ev'n *Monarchy*, by stealth,
 Indulge and favour *Commonwealth*;
 If such wide *Opposites* as these,
 Such *envious Contrarieties*,
 Can kiss and swim in peaceful *Streams*,
 Like *T - d* and *Orange* down the *Thames*,
 Why should ye wonder thus to find
 The *Mash-Tub* with the *Muses* join'd?
 Or think *Apollo* too officious,
 In shaking Hands with *Dionysius*?

Besides, the *Saints*, those *Sons of Grace*,
 Those *English Jews* of *Holy Race*,
 Those *pious Chans*, exempt from *Evil*,
 Have long united *Pope* and *Devil*,
 And pass'd 'em on the *Mob* and *others*,
 For *Twins*, at least two *Loving Brothers*,
 Tho' e'ery *Body* knows, I hope,
 The *Devil's* much older than the *Pope*,
 Who, e'er the *World* was gulf'd with *Fictions*,
 Were held *Two* perfect *Contradictions*,
 Yet now they're reconcil'd for ever,
 Defam'd, and nam'd, and burn'd together,
 And *Twice a Year* are made as great,
 As *Leak* and *Taffy* hung in *State*.

The *Papists* too, those lamentable
 Tremendous *Bugbears* to the *Rabble*,

To the same Year's Produce, we see,
 Ascribe both Hops and Heresy,
 And bind 'em, in these Pious Days,
 Together often in one Phrase.
 Why therefore is it thought a Crime,
 For *Male* to correspond with *Rhyme*,
 Since Hops, in this reforming Land,
 And Heresy walk Hand in Hand?
 Yet you'll object, that Grains and Verses
 Agree as ill as Brains and Stairs,
 Which seldom meet by Trip of Foot,
 But one, almost, knocks t'other out;
 Therefore you may infer from thence,
 That Brewing Ale and Tagging Sense
 Are Talents of as wide a Nature,
 As Earth and Air, or Fire and Water;
 Yet I on Ned's behalf agree,
 There may be some Analogy

'Twixt

'Twixt *Malt* and *Meter*, since good *Liquor*
 Makes *Fancy* operate the quicker,
 And caus'd ev'ry *Postaster*
 To spur on *Pegasus* the faster.
 I've often by Experience found,
 When jaded *Musa* has been a ground
 For want of some damn'd trooked Word,
 To make two *Ultimates* accord,
 That then one nappy Dose inspires
 My *Brains* with what my *Verse* requires,
 And gives my *Pen* as quick *Dispatches*,
 As *Women* make, that dip *Card-matches*;
 Therefore I do from thence agree,
 Good *Ale* turns all to *Poetry*,
 When drank by *Lovers* of the *Muses*,
 Those celebrated singing *Huzzies*;
 Nor does the home-spun Juice of *Malt*,
 Like foreign *Wines*, alone exalt

The

The *Fanty*, but if drank in Season,
 Strengthens and modulates our *Reason*;
 The *fragrant Hop* at the same time
 Does with the *Malt* itself sublime,
 And into *Gingle* tunes our *Meter*,
 That ev'ry *Line* may found the sweeter,
 And make the *Sense* pass off the better. }
 'Tis true, some *ancient Bards* assign
 Their *Raptures* to the *Pow'r* of *Wine*,
 And always took a *heartly Dose*,
 Before they mounted *Pegasus*;
 And then, as if the *Devil* drove 'em,
 Made greater *Speed* than did behove 'em;
 But *modern Poets* find the *MUSES*
 Are better pleas'd with good *Malt-Juices*,
 Because they elevate the *Senses*,
 By *slow Degrees*, at *small Expences*,

And

And keep 'em in these starving Times
From b'ing too *laxish* of their Rhymes.

Peruse but *Gardner's Golden Lays*,
Those matchless Numbers sung in Praise
Of Glorious *Mild*, that Drink Divine,
That *Nectar*, far surpassing Wine,
That Noble Cordial swill'd by Porters,
And blest'd by *Soldiers* at their Quarters;
And he who reads the same, must find
Such Wit with so much Learning join'd,
That he can do no less than think,
Full Pots of the immortal Drink
In *Ale-house Box* inspir'd the Poet,
For nothing but *Mild-Beer* could do it,
And cause the thoughtful Bard to dream
So well on such a drowsy Theme;

LnA.

Thus

Thus *English Poets*, without *Puzzle*,
 Can rhyme o'er *Winchesters* of *Guzzle*,
 And from the gen'rous oily *Strength*
 Of *Malt*, draw *Lines* of any *Length* ;
 Whilst *fragrant Hops* the same *imbellish*,
 And give their *Verses* the better *Relish* ;
 Tho', I confess, I'm not inclin'd
 To be of honest *Carlo's* *Mind* ;
 I'm for no *falsome, bitter Drenches*,
 That heighten *Drought*, but never *quench*,
 No *Hockley-Brewer's* *grouty Drink*,
 But ever thought, and still must think,
Brown, foggy Bech inspires our *Brains*
 With nothing but *Balladian Strains*,
 And *common Stout*, like *Bullock's Blood*,
 By *merry Cobblers* held so *Good*,
 Whene'er it's drank by *Men of Parts*,
 Turns half to *Puns*, and half to *Farts* ;

Therefore the *Bard* that would inspire
 His *Muse* with *Hudibrastick Fire*,
 Must lay aside *Brown Drink* for *Pale*,
 And tippie *W--d's* *salubrious Ale*;
 Who, when he *brews*, invokes the *Nine*
 To make his *Liquor* more *Divine*,
 Than *Indian Punch*, or *Gallisk Wine*.

Yet some, who do not care to see
Brewing shake *Hands* with *Poetry*,
 Alledge that *Two* such *diff'rent Trades*
 Require the *Care* of *Two* good *Heads*,
 And that 'tis plain *Ned* has at most
 But *One*, if *he* has that to *boast*,
 And therefore do conceive 'tis better
 For *him* to only mind his *Meter*,
 And not to incommode his *Brains*
 With *Brew-house*, *Barrels*, *Tubs* and *Grains*;

Such

Such *Implements* that look *fantastick*
 In Hand of *Poet Hudibrastick*,
 And would be fitter for the Use
 Of *sordid Dray-man* than of *MUSE*.
 But still, if we consider *all Things*,
 And but compare *Great Things* with *Small*
Things,
 These *Censures* will not stick so hard
 Upon the *Brewing Poet*.
 But that a Man in his Defence
 May quote *whole Reams* of *Precedents*,
 Wherein much *greater Men* than he
 Have truck'd to *Necessity*,
 And oft been glad to *bumbly* do
 Those *Things* they ne'er were bred unto
 A King, e'er now, in *Chimney-Nook*
 Hath wound up *Jack* for *Betty Cook*,

And Country Parson in the middle
O'th' Church-yard play'd both *Bear* and
Fiddle;

Nay, *Machiavelian* Lords of late,
Whose *Business* 'tis to steer the State,
Think it no Scandal now to mix
Uncertain Stocks with *Politics*,
Or to divide the more's the Pity,
Themselves betwixt the *Court* and *City*.

Why then should it degrade a *Poet*
To make good *Ale*, I fain would know it?
Or sell within *Docks* what he brews,
Without *Dishonour* to his *Muse*?
Since even *Merchants* turn *Retailers*,
And sell their *Wines* by *Quarts* in *Cellar*s,
Where they appoint *subsecent* *Nixies*
To vend their *Stum* at *Under-Prices*.

Nay,

Nay, *Poets* are so *bumble* grown
 To speak *sine Prologues* of their Own,
 With *Cloak* and *Foot-Boy* at their *Arfes*
 To give *New Life* to their *Old Farces*;
 And *Players*, prompted by their *Spite*,
 Turn *Poets*, and presume to write,
 Then act the same, to win *Applause*,
 From *mat-bound Petticoats* and *Beaux*.

The *Saint* that does the *Dro'l* renounce,
 Squints *Two* contrary ways at *Once*,
 And in these *pious Times* thinks fitting
 To win his *Soul* twixt *Church* and *Meeting*,
 For fear he should be *half undone*,
 By sticking close to either *One*;
 So *Ned* divided, writes and brews,
 To try if *darling Gain* accrues
 More from his *Mash-Tub* than his *MUSE*.

All sorts of *Cobblers* are in haste,
 For *Int'rest* to out-run their *Last* ;
 The *Country Parson* turns *Physician*,
 And *London Trader* *Politician* ;
 Dull *Pedants* too, in quest of *Pence*,
 Turn *Criticks* upon *Men of Sense*,
 Pick *Quarrels* with the *Faults* they find,
 But what's *Praise-worthy* never mind,
 And by those *Wiles* make *Others* pass
 For *Block-heads* of the lowest *Class*,
 When 'tis the *Critick* that's the *Ass*,
 In short, all sorts of *Trades* encroach
 Upon their *Neighbours*, like the *Dutch*,
 Whose *Burgo-Masters*, tho' they play
 Their *Parts* in *Senate-House* to *Day*,
 To *Morrow* lay aside their *State*,
 And sit in *Markets* selling *Skate*,
 Eggs,

Eggs, Butter, Brandy, all together,
And think it no Dishonour neither ;
Why then mayn't we, who've been of late
So Dutchify'd in Church and State,
Deal without Scandal, or Offence,
In any Thing to gain the Pence ?
Especially, when Party-Pride
Makes Envy grin on e'ery Side,
And nothing thrives, we plainly see,
But base, unbrid'd Villany.

When Bacchus, alias Dionysius,
First brew'd good Ale, 'twas so delicious,
That skilful Topers would prefer it
To Malmsey, Malaga, or Claret,
And suck it out of Fugs and Gobblots,
Till their Tun-Bellies burst their Dubblets ;

And,

And, when thus *zipping*, were as great
 O'er *Leathern Jacks* of ancient Date;
 As *Kings* in all their Pomp and State.

Brewing had then the Reputation
 Of b'ing a notable Profession;
 And every Brewer thought to be
 A Conjuror in Chymistry;
 Who'd found the *Grand Elixir* out,
 That Chymists make such Work about,
 By which, to all Mens great Surprise,
 They did to sudden Riches rise;
 But 'twas before they paid *Extrise*
 For ever since, the Throne secures
 That Profit which was once the Brewer's,
 And leaves him nothing but the Grains,
 That *Caput Mortuum* for his Pains;

The first? That they any Wonders
 In Kingdoms, where, if not kept singly:
 The stubborn People grow too Great
 And stand for the Church and State,
 Bold against the Sovereign's Law, and
 And govern Those they should obey;
 Belye the Good, applaud the Bad,
 Depose, Elect, run on like mad,
 Till like the croaking Frogs, Foxes
 They get some worse Stork to rule 'em;
 A Cromwell, who by Discord Civil,
 Turns Truth to Error, Good to Evil,
 And reigns like a Protecting Devil.
 Thus, Nations, when they're civil,
 Have always a rebellious Mob
 To change the Prince, beneath whose Rule
 They've crown'd their Beggars and Coffers full

For some *Usurper*, who has *Sense*
 Enough to drain 'em of their *Pence*,
 And tame 'em, by removing wholly
 The Cause that made 'em so unruly;
 For the best *Doctors*, who by *Tricks*
 And *Stratagems* cure *Lunaticks*,
 Of *Money* always first divest 'em,
 And strip 'em of the *Cloaths* that drest 'em,
 Then, with *Straw-Beds* and slender *Diet*,
 Reduce 'em to their former *Quiet*;
 So restless *Rebels* should be us'd,
 Who're most at *Ease*, when most abus'd.

Perhaps, you'll ask me what *Relation*
 This long *Satyrical Digression*
 Bears to the *Poetaster's Brewing*,
 Or *Brewer's Scribbling* to be doing;

I own, my Zeal hath warm'd my Mind,
 That *Ignis-fatuus* of Mankind,
 And led me, as it often hath
 The *Saints*, a Mile beside the Path;
 But if we do but well consider
 How all Men run beyond their Tedder,
 We may connive at one poor Poet,
 Among the Crowd that daily do it.

However, since all Wit's a Drug,
 Compar'd to th' Bottle or the Mug,
 And nappy Ale, now Money's scarce,
 Sells better far than *Prose* or *Verse*;
 No Critick ought to damn the Bard
 That humbly condescends, like W---d,
 To brew, as if he meant in Spite
 To low'r the Pride of those that write,

And

